

and comfort of higher life. Later the enormous fish-lizards of the *Mesozoic* (middle life) held undisputed sway over sea and land. Following these, elephants and other gigantic mammals roamed over our northern continents. There is not even a molar left, from which we might learn of the haunts of the mastodon or of the mammoths that browsed in our forests.

Our history, nevertheless, is not yet come to an end; for the sea, nature's great historian, returned again to conclude with a full account of the last era. But in this return it swept away many a landmark of earlier ages. This period is called the *Glacial*, or age of ice, and justly so; for, with the partial flooding of the northern continents, came a time of cold—so cold that every hill and mountain range was covered with perpetual snow, from which, as from those of Greenland to-day, flowed down to the sea great rivers of ice—glaciers. The sea all around, consequently, was filled with icebergs, and an Arctic current carried many of them up the Valley of the St. Lawrence, then a deep gulf. Polishing and wearing down the shallow points, they filled up the deeper places with stones mixed with clay, hence the name *Boulder clay* often given to the deposit. Our mountain's top appeared above the expanse of waters a rocky islet, along the shore of which many a huge iceberg stranded, and there remained until released by a summer sun. The solid rock all around is polished and scratched, showing clearly by the direction of these scratches, that the current had almost invariably flowed to the southwest. These are the agencies mentioned at the beginning as having carried these great granite masses hundreds of miles from their native hills, spreading them far and wide over the length and breadth of the land. They, too, helped to remove the "missing links" in our history. Yet they accomplished their end in the economy of nature;—by them

were the rugged hills cut down, and the deep places filled up, making the Valley of the St. Lawrence an extensive, fertile plain, capable of sustaining its millions of a happy and contented people. Regarding the life of the time, there is not much to state. Few remains have come down to us, and these are indicative of a frigid climate, being almost identical with those existing in the Arctic seas.

When this levelling process was completed, the sea began slowly to subside, or rather (for the sea never varies) the land to rise. During this emergence, terraces were left at different heights, that are, in fact, ancient sea-beaches. These contain many shells, most of them living forms, exactly like those still living on the coast. The prevailing kind, *Saxicava*, has given its name to the deposit. Bones of seals and other animals of a sub-arctic character, are sometimes met with in the clay pits; and from these we would infer that the climate, although not so cold as during the age of ice, was by no means salubrious. From this clay deposit all our bricks are made; therefore are the less pretentious residences of brick by many ages younger than those of stone.

And our St. Lawrence—what of it? for rivers, too, have their history. During this inundation, where was it? A river there was even then. Aye, but what a river! A current of salt water in a salt sea, flowing inwards rather than outwards. But with the rising of the land, this current slackened, stopped, flowed outwards. An outlet it became of the great lakes, then inland salt water seas. These being replenished only by fresh water, in time became, first, brackish, and, at length, entirely fresh, when we have our mighty St. Lawrence perfected.

Now our island, having emerged from its watery covering, became the haunt of the deer; the beaver, too, built his dam on its brooks; here they